

The Drama Student

tina, tiny tina, when will your garden green?
the actor in me used to groan for you.
now he is stabbed, but you
are stable as a groined arch.

look at you there,
among the little people.
you grin like chaplin
in bell-bottom dungarees.

now mime for us the tug-'o-war;
now climb the ladder, skip-a-rung.
you laugh at tina, but i take upon my tongue
your laughter even when you laugh at me.

young lady, not-so-young,
i hope you make it.
when you do, the little people
and myself will miss you.

To Norman Vincent Peale

sir, i'd like to thank you.
no, i'm not confusing you
with soren kierkegaard.

last night i went out
with this really flaky broad.
her father is a federal agent
(class of '47, notre dame)
and she identifies with rachel, rachel.
anyway, i got her drunk and naked
in a six-buck room
and she passed out on me.

she lay there moaning
oh my god, my god,
and i was about to call
the whole thing off ...

but then i remembered you
and i thought positively
and i fucked her.

plato wouldn't have been relevant
nor st. augustine nor the
wishy-washy picky picky picky
god-is-dead bunch ...

but you,
you sounded loud and clear.
you're boss, in my book.